

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

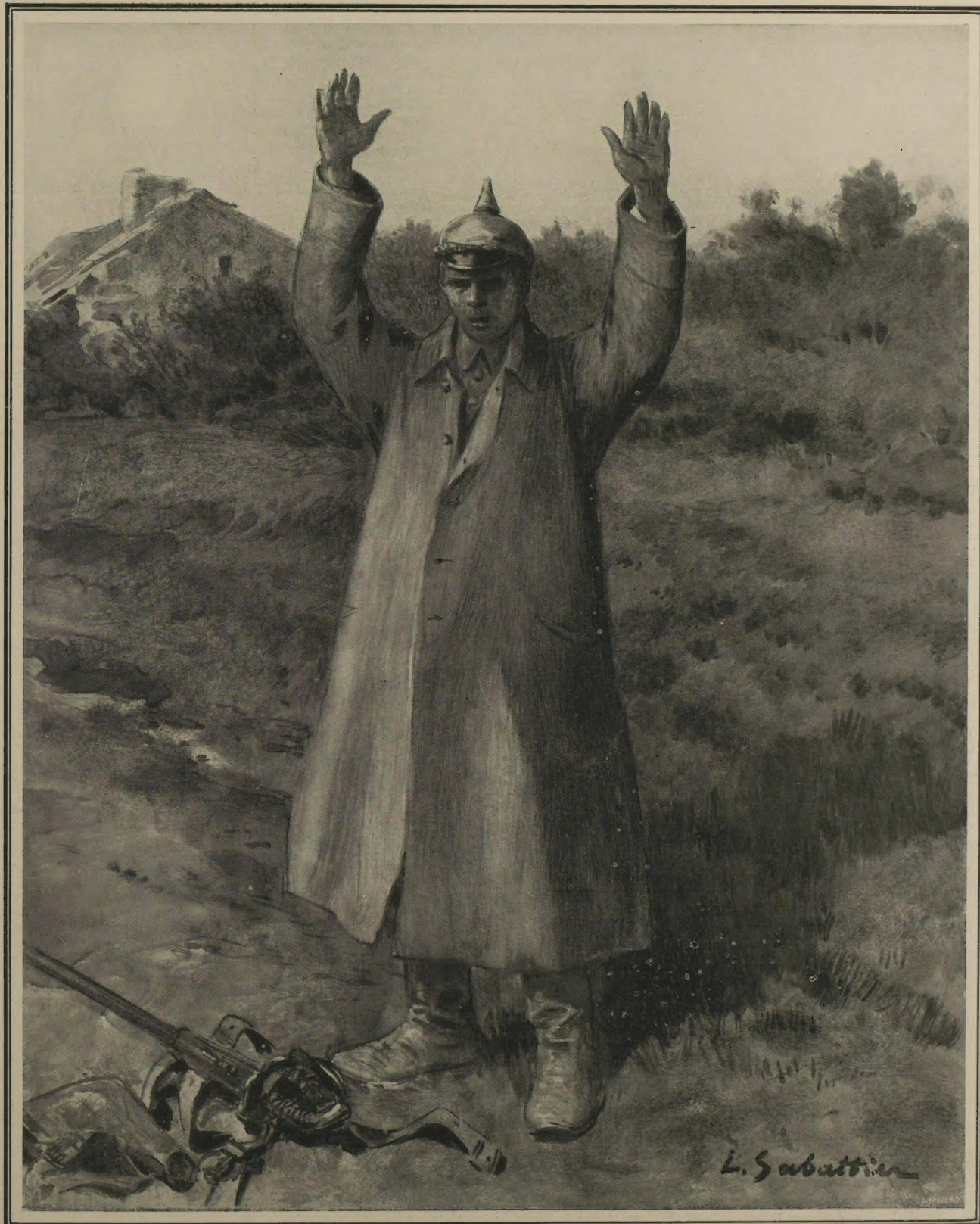
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

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HOW THE ENEMY SURRENDERS, SAYING, "KAMERAD . . . PARDON!": A GERMAN PUTTING HIS HANDS UP

"We challenged them in the usual way, and up went their hands." So one of our soldiers relates in a letter home of an incident in which he had a part during the Battle of the Aisne—a sudden meeting with German stragglers. Dozens of other soldiers' letters tell of similar incidents on the battlefields everywhere; sometimes

with German officers, surprised singly, or with men rounded up in batches, after having been cut off from their comrades. The hands-up method has the advantage that it puts it out of a prisoner's power to attempt any individual act of treachery. The German surrenders frequently with the cry "Kamerad . . . Pardon."

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MAMEENA," AT THE GLOBE.

ITS main value consists in its spectacular beauty and realism. What "Kismet" did for the colour and warmth of the East, "Mameena" does, in the hands of Mr. Oscar Asche and his artists, for the bizarre atmosphere of the Bush. The very skies in the Globe play are wonderful; the customs, manners, huts, war-dances, weapons, witch-finding, of the Zulu braves are, we can quite believe, reproduced carefully from the original; the noises, symptomatic of loyalty or belligerence, or mere animal spirits, are only too thoroughly barbaric and ear-splitting. Since there is so much on which the eye can rest with pleasure, does it matter much that the play merits being treated as a subordinate thing, and that the dialogue, strange mixture of Wardour Street and polite English, is far from convincing? At least there is enough of primitive passions in the story, as taken by Mr. Asche from the Rider Haggard pages, to match the untamed aspect of the setting. There is a heroine whose destiny it is to send men crazy and involve her race in ruin; and there is plenty of fighting. Miss Lily Brayton has the most piquant of costumes, and really suggests sex-magnetism. Mr. Asche is enormously imposing in his savage war-equipment. Mr. Worlock, Mr. Hubert Carter, Mr. Fred Lewis, and Mr. Herbert Grimwood all manage to get individuality into their characterisations. But it is the scenic artists and the stage-management to whom most of the credit should go for the Globe's new success.

"SIR RICHARD'S BIOGRAPHY," AT THE CRITERION.

Just the right sort of play, just the right sort of part, has Mr. Wilfrid Coleby designed for Miss Mary Moore in "Sir Richard's Biography." The piece is the lightest of light comedy; the central character has affinities with the heroine of "The Mollusc," with Mrs. Gorrington, and many other feather-brained women of the type this actress impersonates so persuasively. This latest variant on the type had contrived to win herself a reputation, in the biography she had produced of her late husband, as the perfection of selfishness; and so she was, her doctor-friend assured the victim she had seized upon for a second marriage—so long as she had her own way. His warning, of course, was neglected, and we see the poor fellow, most comically represented by Mr. Sam Sothorn, agonising under this selfishness. You can imagine her endless babble, her airs of resignation, her implacable meekness, the tyranny that is always implicit under her martyr-like looks. Miss Mary Moore has done it all before, and does it again with artistic thoroughness. Mr. Eric Lewis, Miss Marie Hemingway, and Mr. Edward Rigby act every bit as brightly as their manageress, and are always in the picture.

"THE SPHINX," AT THE COURT.

Miss Janette Steer means well, and no doubt is terribly in earnest. But there is much unintended humour, and oh! such a lot of dreary talk and so many moments of bathos in her would-be propagandist drama, "The Sphinx." The husbands of her play are dreadful creatures, and the women are full of rhetoric about their wrongs; but it is not by such a blend of cheap sensational fiction and suffragist oratory that good drama is to be written round the problem of marriage and woman's mission (a mission her much-tried heroine avows) to save weak man. If the husband of her story is outrageously profligate, her school-girl without loyalty, and with the most curious propensity for vice, is even less credible a character. Quite a clever cast assists Miss Steer in the interpretation of her work, but they are called upon to make bricks without straw.

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BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

ANYONE turning over the current papers, of more than one party and more than one continent, will become rather bored with the cant about Serbia. He will grow tired of the criticisms on that country; and still more with the apologies for it. Serbia needs no apology: she is more likely to extort one. She is what everyone knew her to be: a small, strong, painfully patriotic nation, which has done a great work that the Great Powers did not dare to do. The Turk insulted Vienna. Vienna would not avenge the insult: Belgrade did avenge it. Hence these tears, these boiling crocodile tears of jealousy and an imperial shame. It is therefore necessary to urge against the Serbians all the facts that prove them to be of a simpler or even more savage race. It is said that these Slav Princes are killed by their subjects; while the more enlightened Germanic Princes can often be trusted to kill themselves. In short, we are asked to forget the whole sudden triumph of the Last Crusade, which expelled the Turk from Europe, because that great chivalric effort was effected by peoples whose record was rude and bloody.

Anyone acquainted with history will smile a little. We ourselves did things equally criminal, in the days when we were capable of doing things equally chivalrous. Indeed, we did few things so respectable as the regicide attributed to the Serbian house. An entirely lawful King of England was secretly butchered by the mother of the victor of Crecy. Another lawful King of England was secretly butchered by the father of the victor of Agincourt. I have not observed that this private gore is allowed to bespatter the public glory. I have not noticed that Scotchmen blush slightly at the mention of Bannockburn because poor Comyn's murder certainly paved the way to that victory. I have not noticed that Nonconformist ministers shrink from mentioning the rise of the Puritans, because the dagger of Felton and the death of Buckingham certainly was a signal for the whole Puritan revolt. I am not aware that any old Tory was ever restrained from boasting Trafalgar or Talavera, because of the extreme indelicacy of Marat being murdered in his bath. Great crimes go side by side with great times. Only, strange as it may seem, the Serbians and all the States struggling against the Turk have lived through great times for centuries.

Consider for a moment what the actual character of their history has been. The effort of the Crusades was sufficient to stop the advance of Islam, but not sufficient to exhaust it. A few centuries after, the Moslem attacked once more, with more modern weapons and in a more indifferent age; and, amid the disputes of diplomatists and the dying debates of the Reformation, he succeeded in sailing up the Danube and nearly becoming a central European Power like Poland or Austria. From this position, after prodigious efforts, he was slowly and painfully dislodged. But Austria, though rescued, was exhausted and reluctant to pursue, and the Turk was left in possession of the countries he had devoured in his advance. Most human beings do not know what human nature is. They have never seen it on a raft, or in a retreat, or in any kind of wreck, in which men really feel themselves lost or left behind. Any general of an army, any captain of a ship, will tell you that such things are terrible, even for five days, even for five hours. In this case it lasted for five centuries. The Christians strove to keep their faith, though they had lost their frontiers; strove to keep their courage even when they had lost their faith. And through all those centuries, that which should have come to their rescue never came. And when the full circle of five hundred years had rolled, it came to the rescue of their oppressors.

Those who talk for or against Austria must remember what Austria is—or, what is even more important as most human beings go, what it is supposed to be. It is customary to say that Austria is an incongruous and patchwork empire; and, while this is true, there is an answer to it. The answer is that Austria is not an empire: it is the Empire. Its original position was that it had as much right to be patchwork as the political system ruled by Tiberius or Hadrian. In theory it is the Holy Roman Empire; that is, the Roman Empire christened. The double-headed eagle on its shield is not (as many suppose) a joke, like the Siamese Twins. It means that Austria

claims the Empire of the East and of the West—that one eagle looks towards Constantinople and the other towards Rome. It is, therefore, all the more unfortunate that this bird should have come to be associated with obstructing the revival of Italy and preventing the recovery of Byzantium.

It appears to me impossible to get the perspective of the present war, unless the Balkan War stands up in the landscape as large as that great Black Mountain from which its guns began. I will not, I repeat, pause here upon the pigmy sneers and more pigmy apologies of those whose minds are full of the fact that there was once an assassination in a Serbian palace. Let those who study the multiplication-tables of murder decide for me how many Belgian peasants make one Serbian King. My own taste in murder has always been rather for the knife of Brutus, which strikes upwards, than for the knife of Nero, which struck down; but I will not urge such particular tastes here. Of the Serbians and the other Balkans, it is enough for me that they went where we would not go, and led when Europe would not follow: and that because of them the world is changed.

If I may turn to lighter topics, the scholarship of Professor Harnack has, as we have already seen, left in his mind an impression that there is something called Teutonism. You and I, the English, have broken the obligations of Teutonism. In this, surely, we get a glimpse of the solemn depths of the Deutsche Kultur. A man need not keep a promise he has made: and therefore we need not keep faith with Belgium. But a man must keep a promise he has never made—or, indeed, ever heard of. And therefore we are bound to keep faith with Teutonism, whatever it may turn out to be. I remember reading years ago a book that must have been inspired, if not written, by some of these strange provincial Professors who have found their first importance during the last few weeks. It was all about Teutonism. Its method was admirably simple. The author took certain ideas which he happened to like, and said they were German ideas. Then he took other ideas which he didn't happen to like, and said they were French ideas. And whenever he was stumped in history, by the French fighting for the right ideas, he said it was the Gothic blood moving in Gaul. And when he was stumped again, by the Germans fighting for the wrong ideas, he said it was the Gaulish blood stirring in Gothland. Thus, if Mr. Bernard Shaw and I bet on a horse (an incident almost inconceivable) and he wins, then, you see, it was a Chestertonian spirit in him that made him win, and a certain Shavian influence on me that made me lose. It seems to me a very good way. I wonder it is not more adopted; and I specially wonder it is not adopted by the Germans in dealing with the Balkan War and its great results.

If Professor Harnack can really persuade himself that the English are the same as the Germans, why cannot he persuade himself that the Serbians are the same as the Germans? And the Russians? Why not explain the Russian victories by saying that here again the all-pervading and all-subduing gods of the North have subdued the sullen mortals of the South. The racial point would be just as easy to prove, in the ridiculous way that such racial points are proved. There are a reasonable number of men in Russia whose hair looks like picked oakum, as there are in Prussia—or in Perthshire. There are a reasonable number of men in Austria whose hair looks like black astrachan, as there are in Spain—or in South Bucks. Let Professor Harnack merely strain his enlarged mind to a further enlargement—to take in some of those "new truths" which some, in their antiquated way, call lies. Let him but enlarge the significance of Teutonism a little, and he should be able to claim all the courageous acts of the last ten years for his country. Instead of regarding the English as racial recreants and traitors, why should he not regard the Russians and the Serbs as racial representatives and allies? The Slavs have done everything that has been done for long past: they drove the Asiatic from his stolen lands, they burst up the peace of the oppressors. When Slavs have done so much as that, it is clearly necessary to prove that they are not Slavs, but Teutons. Surely it is a small thing to ask any man of science to prove that!

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THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.



IT is now nine and a-half weeks since the world-war began, and for the greater part of that period—or since the German march on Paris took the form of a retreat to the region of the rivers, the "Mesopotamia" of Northern France—every week, like a fresh turn of the kaleidoscope, has brought new victories and more encouragement to the Allies. In the circumstances, what more could have been expected? It is only in the Eastern sphere of the theatre of war that crushing and decisive blows have been swiftly delivered—against the Austrians; but a war between fortresses—such as has been taking place on the Aisne, the Oise, and the Somme—necessarily takes more time than operations in the open field. At the hour of writing the net result of all this war of moles, or "moudieworts," is that the Germans have nowhere made any headway, and at many points have been thrust back by pressure from the Allies. But the main point is that they are not advancing with the cry, "Vorwärts, nach Paris; immer vorwärts!" but confining themselves to the holding of their entrenchments, and to the securing, if possible, of their lines of retreat.

All the evidence goes to show that the German thunderbolt has been but a *brutum fulmen*, and that their schemes have most decidedly gone "agley," or awry, like those of the mouse whose cosy nest in the stubble-field was so ruthlessly laid bare by the ploughshare of the "Bard o' Bonnie Doon." As I write there comes the announcement, from what seems to be a trustworthy source, that Major-General von Voigts-Rhetz has been appointed to succeed Count Moltke, a nephew of the great "battle-thinker," as Chief of the Grand General Staff. The former, I take it, is a son of that General of the same name who commanded the 10th, or Hanoverian, Army Corps in 1870, and had for Chief of his Staff Colonel von Caprivi, who was destined to succeed Bismarck as Imperial Chancellor. If the news of the appointment proves to be true, it will show that, in the opinion of the great War Lord, or rather, War God himself—"the blasphemous bully of Potsdam," as our chief Liberal Whip roundly calls him—Count Moltke's schemes have miscarried, and that the nostrum of some other military doctor must now be tried, in spite of the maxim, familiar to all nations apparently but Prussia, that it is ever dangerous to swop horses when crossing a stream.

That is one sign—and a very significant one—of the tangle into which the affairs of the German armies have fallen in the West, which more immediately concerns us and attracts our interest.

On the other hand, we gather, not only from prisoners, but from the German Press itself, that "French's contemptible little army," which refused to be "exterminated" at the imperious will of the War Lord, has become an object of positive dread to its opponents, one of whom—an officer—described its fire as "ten thousand times worse than hell," while adding an expression of his fear that they never would be able to defeat those English "devils."

Lots of other letters of the same tell-tale kind have been found on prisoners, whose hearts—in spite of all that is affirmed to the contrary in Germany—are not in the job, and never were. Our prisoners in this country say the same—as do also, doubtless, most of the 60,000 Germans now in captivity in France, for such is computed to be their number.

It is far otherwise with our own soldiers, who have entered on a war with such a profound belief in its justice, and who have sworn to a man to make the Kaiser and his countrymen change their opinion of them long before the triumphal entry of the Allies into Berlin, to be followed by the Peace of Potsdam. But much water will have to flow under the bridges before that happy consummation is reached, and also much blood on the battlefields of Europe.

Compared with their opponents who complain of "hard, bloody and most horrible days," and who are half-starved, demoralised, and disheartened with their defeats, our soldiers continue to be in the best of fighting trim, and never know what it is to want, or even wait for a meal (if only tobacco and matches were included in the menu!); while as to beds, being accustomed to roughing it, they are not over particular. But the point is that, in spite of their cruel losses and the heavy claims on their bravery and endurance, our gallant "Tommies" continue to be in the best of spirits—so much so that, when enjoying

content—forces which have also proved superior to the Kaiser (though it didn't want much to do that) and driven him away from the scene of his ghastly failures in the Western area of the war to seek "the bubble reputation" in the Eastern portion thereof. On the whole, the War Lord presents the spectacle of some captive animal which first savagely rattles the bars of one side of its cage in the effort to get out, and then darts to the other side with the same intent and the same unavailing effort.

Thorn, on the Vistula, where the Kaiser arrived from Mayence on the Rhine, may be described as the Metz of Germany's eastern frontier, and his Majesty is said to have done the journey in his Court-train of ten coaches, with a red cross painted on the roof of each. If that was so, then the War Lord must be accused of as mean and unjustifiable a *ruse de guerre* as that of his heartless "Huns," who have equally abused the privileges of the white flag and the Geneva cross in France and Belgium.

But the curious thing about the Kaiser's presence

on his eastern frontier is that he will be confronted, though at a very respectful distance, by his hostile fellow-Sovereign the Tsar, on whom he so wantonly declared war. Nicholas II. has joined the General Headquarters of his armies at Brest-Litovsk, in Russian Poland, on the Bug (which has no relation, however, to the "Norfolk Howards"), east of Warsaw; while William II. has gone to roam aimlessly about the eastern frontier like "the Wandering Jew," seeking some place to rest his feet upon, but finding none.

It so happens that, in the course of all his warring, the Duke of Wellington only once confronted Napoleon in battle—for the first and last time—and that was at Waterloo. This also is the first time that William II. and Nicholas II. will have stood opposite to one another in stiff oppugnancy (though separated by a space very much greater than that which sundered the Duke and "Boney" at Belle Alliance), and it will be interesting to note the result. One thing certain is that the Tsar knows his own limitations—the highest form of human wisdom—and will

allow his Commander-in-Chief to go on as before, adding victory to victory.

It is equally certain, however, that his Germanic Majesty will continue to meddle and muddle, and make a mess of it in the ineffectual effort to be his own Moltke. The first message to meet him at Thorn, on the market-place of which stands a statue to Copernicus the astronomer, was a despatch from General von Hindenburg—or Hindenberg, for the spellings vary—announcing his retirement into East Prussia, which the Russian bulletins describe not so much as a defeat as a positive *débâcle*, resulting from the battle of Augustov. But presently there will be more *débâcles*, on one side or the other, in the eastern theatre of war, and betting men would not be over-rash to put their money on the Cossack horse.

Last of all, be it noted, as an encouraging symptom, that President Poincaré, not to be outdone by his fellow-potentates of Germany and Russia, has also "gone to the front" *pour encourager les autres*—though this category does not include our own incomparable "Tommies," who possess inexhaustible supplies of courage in their own indomitable hearts.

LONDON, OCTOBER 6.



BRAVE BELGIAN WOMEN IN THE TRENCHES NEAR ANTWERP: GIVING WALNUTS TO THE SOLDIERS BETWEEN DUFFEL AND LIERRE.

The women here seen giving walnuts to the Belgian soldiers as they rested in the trenches near Antwerp did so at great personal risk. It was stated on October 2 that, as a result of the German bombardment, ten people had been killed and twenty wounded at Lierre, where the tower of a church and many houses were wrecked. Duffel was also bombarded. (Photograph by Photopress.)

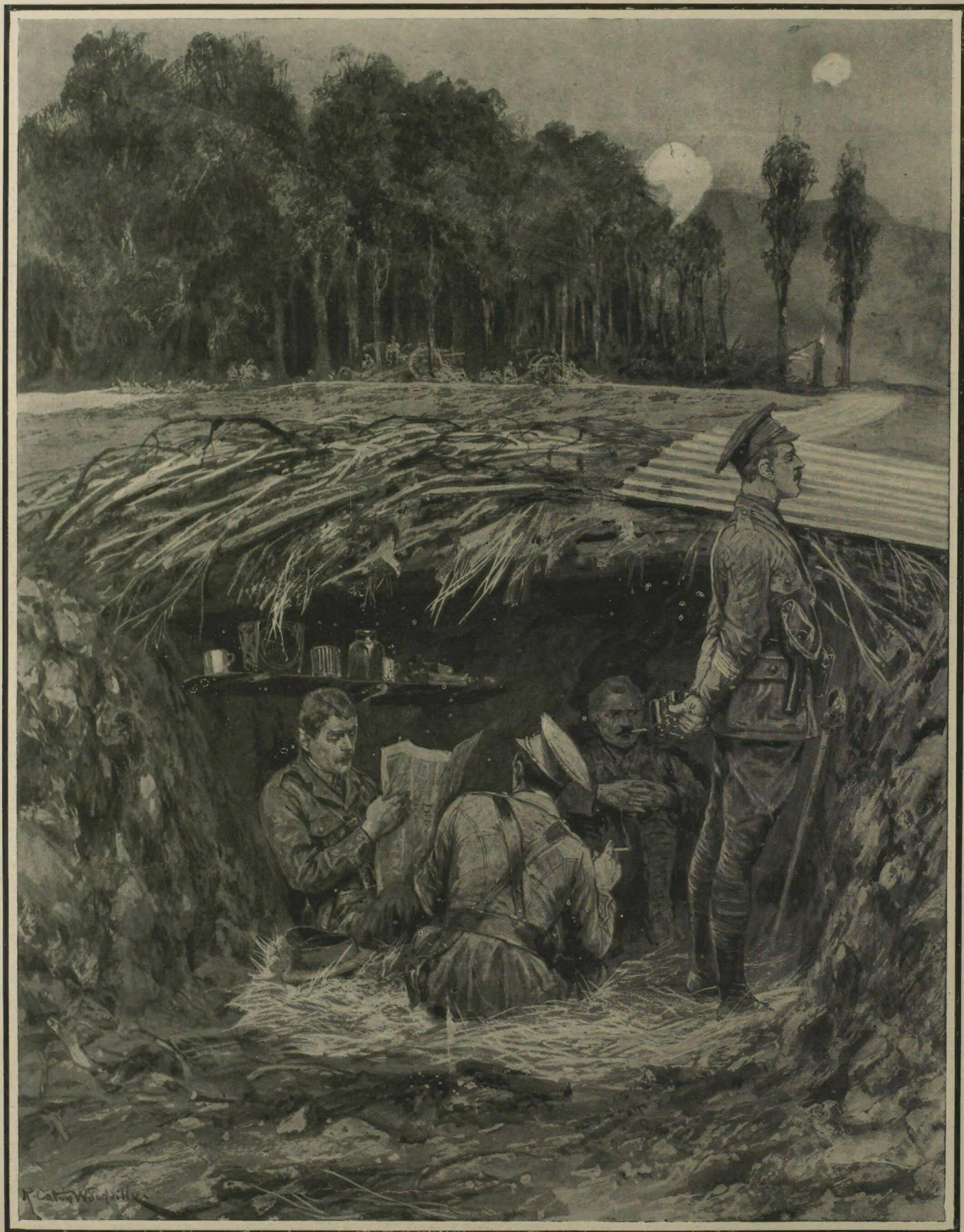
a little spell of relief from service in the trenches, they form themselves into football teams and score goals against each other with bursts of rousing cheers such as were raised by their heroic predecessors who had made a triumphant stand at Albuera, or stormed their bloody way into Badajoz.

At Albuera the French were terrified by such cheering, which now only tickles them on the banks of the Aisne, and causes them to wonder whether there may not be something in the popular belief that, with all its solid qualities, the English character is permeated by a vein of eccentricity amounting almost to positive madness. When not cheering at something or other, our "Tommies" amuse themselves by chaffing the enemy's "Black Marias" and "Jack Johnsons," or "ewe-lams" (for Uhlans) or old "General von o'Clock," for General von Kluck, as to whom the French—more skilled as epigrammatists and punsters than their British allies—have said that "Kluck n'a pas de Glück"—"Kluck has no luck."

No, so far he hasn't had any—far from that; though that is, perhaps, less due to his own demerits and the disfavour of Fortune than to the tremendous force of circumstances against which he has had to

IN THE TRENCHES AT THE AISNE: BRITISH OFFICERS IN A SPLINTER-PROOF.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



A RESPITE FROM WORK IN THE OPEN TRENCHES: OFFICERS, OFF DUTY FOR THE MOMENT, RESTING AND ENJOYING A CIGARETTE IN A SPLINTER-PROOF SHELTER.

At intervals in the British trenches there have been constructed splinter-proof shelters, which are used mainly for the storage of provisions and ammunition. As the expression "splinter-proof" implies, these shelters protect their occupants from the splinters that fly from bursting shells, though they would not, of course, protect them against an actual shell itself if it happened to fall upon them. From many letters written home

by officers and men it is evident that tobacco is a great solace in the trenches. One officer wrote recently: "Matches . . . are more precious than pearls. If any kind soul would care to send a few cigarettes and cigarette-papers and safety matches he would earn our undying gratitude. The issue of tobacco is shag, and, although one gets used to it, we would like a change"—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

IN THE TRENCHES AT THE AISNE: "TOMMY" IN THE "RABBIT-WARREN."

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



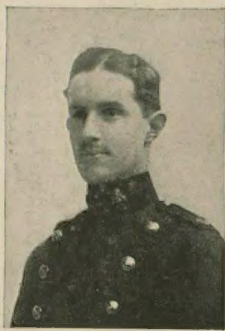
BEGUILING THE TEDIUM OF THE LONG WAIT IN SHELL-SWEPT "LOOP-HOLED" TRENCHES: BRITISH SOLDIERS ENJOYING A GAME OF DOMINOES DURING THE SIEGE-BATTLE OF THE AISNE.

The Battle of the Aisne, which is now in its fourth week, developed some time ago into a condition of siege-warfare on both sides, accompanied by an incessant artillery-duel. The trenches of the Allies have been described as rivalling those of the Germans in the excellence of their construction, and the whole of the entrenched countryside has been likened to a great military rabbit-warren. Some of the British troops have

been able to enjoy a game of football, and in the trenches they amuse themselves with cards and dominoes, reading and writing letters. They receive newspapers, and the postal arrangements are in good working order. Everything possible is done in the way of recreation for the men to relieve the long wait during which they seldom see the enemy, but are subjected to his shells. — [Drawing Copyrighted in the U-nited States and Canada.]

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, BROOKE HUGHES, W. & D. DOWNEY, DUBENHAM & CO., YATES, CHANCELLOR, NEWS ILLUS., LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO., LAMBERT WESTON, A. W. WESTON, AND F. V. CHILDRESTONE.

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2ND BATT. DURHAM L.I.LT. W. GILBERT HOULDSWORTH
SCOTS GUARDS.LIEUT. F. W. DES VOEUX,
GRENADIER GUARDS.LIEUT. T. R. BOTTOMLEY,
EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.2ND LIEUT. ROY D. P. MILNER,
2ND BATT. SHERWOOD FORESTERS.2ND LIEUT. C. L. MACKENZIE,
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H.M.S. "CRESSY."2ND LIEUT. FLEMING F. SMYTHE,
2ND BATT. WORCESTER REGT.

Again we give portraits of officers who have died for their country:—Lieut.-Colonel Richard Erle Benson, who died of wounds received in action, was Colonel of the 1st Batt. East Yorkshire Regiment. Colonel Benson joined the Army in 1884, was Captain in 1891, got his Majority two years later, and his Colonelcy in 1911.—Major d'Arcy Wentworth Mander, of the 2nd Batt. Durham Light Infantry, was the second son of a solicitor, the late Mr. Charles John Mander, of New Square, Lincoln's Inn.—Second-Lieut. James Adam Hamilton Fergusson was a son of Sir James Ranken

Fergusson, second Baronet, and grandson of the late Sir William Fergusson, first Baronet, who was a distinguished surgeon and for many years Sergeant-Surgeon to H.M. Queen Victoria.—Three of the officers of whom we give portraits lost their lives in the North Sea disaster on September 22. Midshipman Harold Henshaw Ward was the younger son of Mr. Thomas James Ward, of Petrograd, and was on board H.M.S. "Hogue"; Captain Robert W. Johnson and Midshipman V. H. Corbyn were officers of H.M.S. "Cressy," which was sunk at the same time as the "Hogue" and the "Aboukir."

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, H. WALTER HARNETT, ROBINSON, SPEAIGHT, R.E. PHOTO. SCHOOL (CHATHAM), MAULL AND FOX, LANGFIER, W. A. ROUGH, SWAINE, HOWE, AND BRINKLEY.

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ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT.2ND LIEUT. W. DE WINTON,
COLDSTREAM GUARDS.2ND LIEUT. C. G. GORDON,
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT.LIEUT. H. C. DAVIES,
WELSH REGIMENT.MAJOR ALEXANDER W. INGLES,
YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.LIEUT. M. R. SWEET-ESCOTT,
LIVERPOOL REGIMENT.LIEUT. C. G. G. BAYLY,
R.E. and ROY. FLYING CORPS.CAPT. HON. W. A. CECIL,
GRENADEIR GUARDS.CAPTAIN FRANK FORREST,
ROY. ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.LIEUT. E. V. TINDALL,
KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS.LIEUT. C. E. STUART,
LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.LIEUT. A. C. H. FOSTER,
HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT.LIEUT. LYNTON W. WHITE,
1ST (KING'S) DRAGOON GUARDS.LT. J. CADWALLADER COKER,
SOUTH WALES BORDERERS.LIEUT. C. A. CAMPBELL,
CHESHIRE REGIMENT.CAPTAIN H. S. RANKEN,
ROY. ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.LIEUT. G. V. NAYLOR-LEYLAND,
ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE).

Major Alexander Wighton Ingles entered the Army in 1892 as Second Lieutenant, got his Captaincy in 1900, and his Majority in March of the current year.—Lieut. Murray Robertson Sweet-Escott was the younger son of the Rev. E. H. Sweet-Escott and Mrs. Sweet-Escott, of Dulwich College.—Captain the Hon. William Amherst Cecil, of the Grenadier Guards, was a son of Lady Amherst of Hackney, who is a Baroness in her own right and a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John in England. Captain Cecil was married, in 1910, to Miss Gladys Baggallay, of Blackdown, Upham, Hants. He entered the Army in 1907.—Captain Frank Forrest was in the Royal Army Medical

Corps, and was killed by a shell on September 13, while engaged in Red Cross work at the front. Captain Forrest entered the Army in 1906.—Captain Charles William Banbury, of the Coldstream Guards, A.D.C. to Lieut.-General Sir J. M. Grierson, was the only son of Sir Frederick George Banbury.—Lieut. Archibald Courtney Hayes Foster, of the Hampshire Regiment, was killed in action in the East Africa Protectorate.—Lieut. C. G. G. Bayly was in the Royal Engineers, and also the Royal Flying Corps.—Lieut. George Vyvyan Naylor-Leyland, of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), was born in 1892. His mother was Miss Jeanie Chamberlain, daughter of Mr. William Selah Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio.

"ARCHIBALD" SPEAKS: THE FIGHTING "DRAGON-FLY" ATTACKED.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



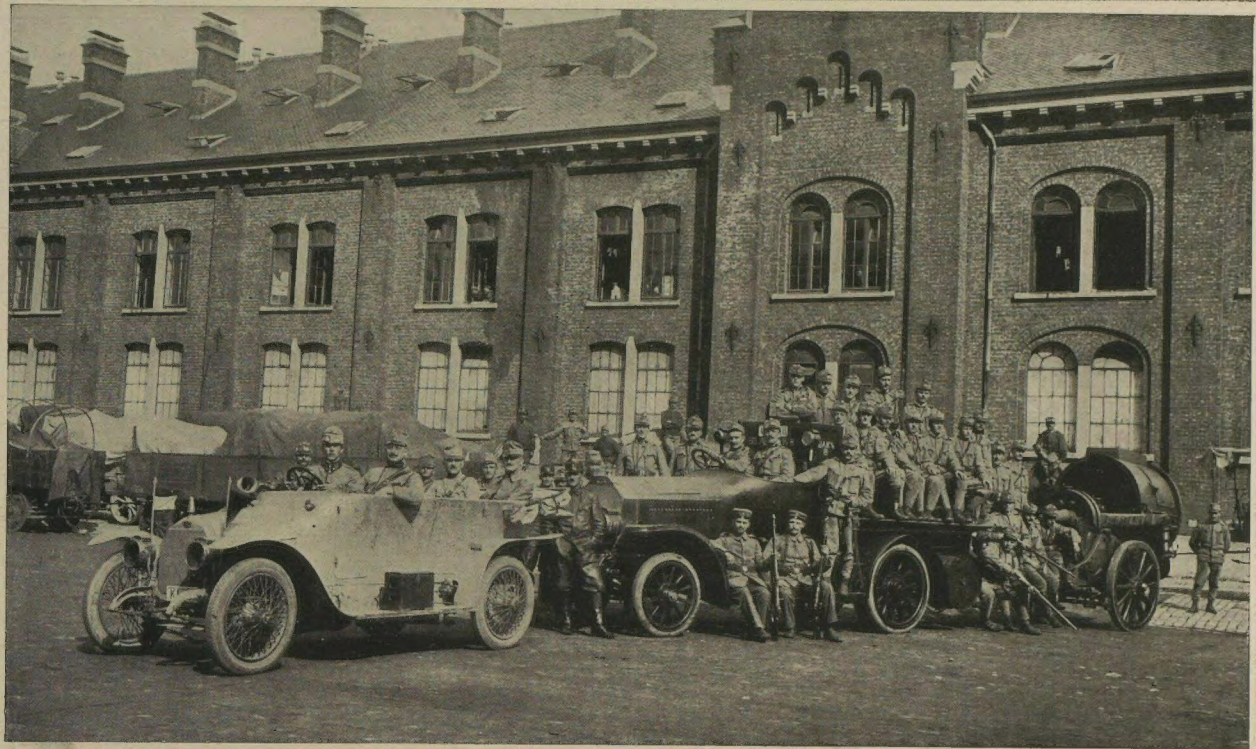
SHELLS FROM AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN BURSTING ABOUT A BRITISH MONOPLANE, LEAVING LINGERING SMOKE BY WHICH THE GUNNERS CAN REGULATE THEIR AIM: SCOUTING AT THE AISNE SIEGE-BATTLE.

"You see the *aéroplané* like a dragon-fly in the air," says one of our officers describing the appearance of the British aeroplanes as they patrol daily along the Aisne valley and over the German lines, "ranging" to discover in particular where the German "Jack Johnson" siege-guns are under cover. Their going up is instantly the signal for an outburst from several of the German anti-aircraft guns, usually mounted on motor-cars, which let off at them salvos of a species of shrapnel, eight or ten bullet-filled shells at

a time. Each shell as it bursts gives off a peculiarly dense white smoke, which takes some time to disappear. By that means the gunners can regulate their aim and check their shots. So far, however, the anti-aircraft guns have not done much harm—so little, indeed, that our men call one of them, at all events, Archibald—evidently keeping in mind the full expression—"Archibald, certainly not!"—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE FORT-WRECKER: THE "BLACK MARIA" GUN; AND A SEARCHLIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



USED IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE HUGE "JACK JOHNSON" OR "BLACK MARIA" SIEGE-GUNS, LENT TO GERMANY BY AUSTRIA:
A GREAT ELECTRIC SEARCHLIGHT PROJECTOR TOWED BY A MOTOR.



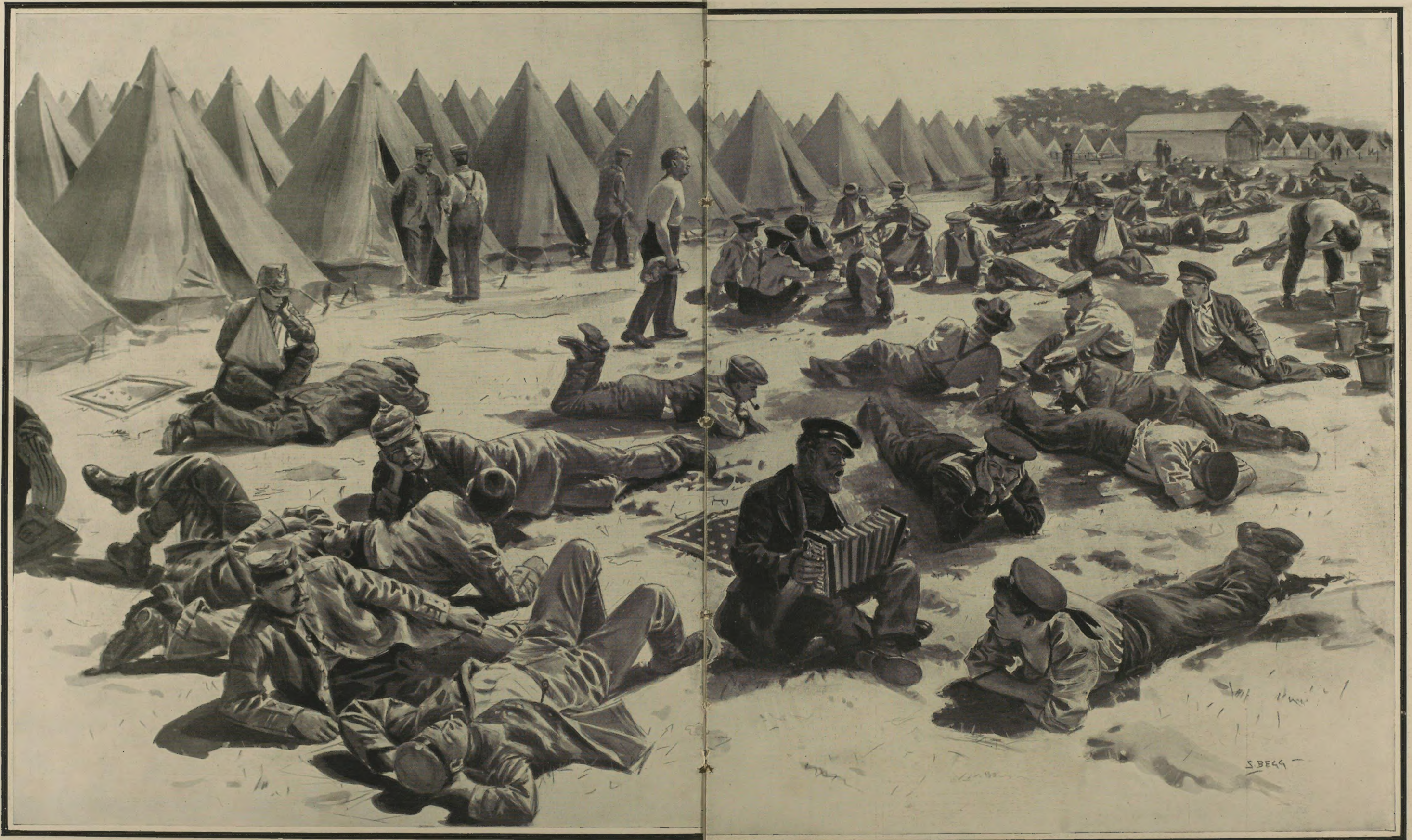
USED TO HURL THE GIGANTIC PROJECTILE WHICH, ON BURSTING, MAKES THE BLACK SMOKE CALLED "JACK JOHNSON": ONE OF THE 100-TON
SIEGE-GUNS, USED BY GERMANY, WHICH HAVE TO BE DIVIDED INTO SECTIONS FOR TRANSPORT.

The tremendous siege-guns which have been exercising dominating influence at various places in the western theatre of war, at Namur and Maubeuge, and with General von Kluck's army on the Aisne, are, it is stated, a loan from Austria to help the Kaiser's forces in Belgium and France. Making their debut with decisive effect against the two fortresses, a number of the guns were next got into position facing General French's troops on the Aisne. Their efforts, however, against the British trenches failed to do serious damage, and Tommy Atkins' nickname of "Black Maria" and "Jack Johnson"

for their exploding projectiles will probably be remembered as long as a British army exists. Two others of the Austrian monsters are said to have been sent against Antwerp. The gun, as our lower illustration shows, is like an over-grown howitzer, short, squat, and of vast calibre. It travels separate from the gun-carriage fitted with the recoil-apparatus, owing to the tremendous weights involved. The officers and gun-team travel in motor-vehicles independently, with the searchlight apparatus for night operations. The Germans have made much use of the searchlight in connection with artillery.

WELL GUARDED BEHIND ELECTRIFIED BARBED WIRE: GERMAN PRISONERS IN A BRITISH COMPOUND.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. S. BEGG.



PLEASED TO HAVE BEEN CAPTURED ALIVE AND SENT TO ENGLAND: GERMAN PRISONERS IN THE

The concentration camp for German prisoners at Camberley consists of forty acres of common enclosed with a double line of posts about six feet apart, and a maze of barbed wire, which can be electrified if necessary, running between at all angles. Many sentries with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets stand on guard between the fences. A road through the compound divides the soldiers' and sailors' camp from that of the civilians. Many of the German soldiers at the Frith Hill Detention Compound are wounded, all their injuries being from

CONCENTRATION CAMP AT FRITH HILL, CAMBERLEY, TAKING LIFE EASILY, BUT RATHER BORED.

British infantry fire. None of them, it is said, has shown any regret at being captured, but many have expressed pleasure at having been taken alive and brought to England. The accommodation at the compounds provides already for over 5000 prisoners, and it is understood that the authorities intend to construct another compound where 10,000 more can be placed, if necessary. In the Frimley Compound various games, including football, are played, and concerts are got up by the civilian prisoners.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT
BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTIN.JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAY
AT CONSTANTINOPLE.
THE EMPEROR OF TRACIA AND ISIDORE OF MILETUS.THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN
JERUSALEM.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE DISEASES OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

OUR troops at the front have hitherto been singularly free from the attacks of an enemy more to be dreaded than the Germans. In other campaigns, disease has slain its thousands where bullets and shells have killed hundreds, and it is only too likely that before long our present immunity from it will cease. Why disease should attack masses of men in the prime of life, living in the open air, and on the whole well fed and clothed, at first sight seems strange. As modern fighting begets an intolerable thirst, which the soldier is naturally tempted to slake as and when he can, the blame has generally been laid upon the drinking water. All modern armies, since the striking experience of Japan in the Manchurian campaign, pay special attention to this, and with good results. But an irremovable source of disease remains in the myriads of flies bred in the rotting carcases of men and horses and in the filth that inevitably collects round perpetually shifting camps and bivouacs. As everyone now knows, these insects are ceaseless and tireless carriers of infection, and it is difficult to see how, under existing conditions, the plague of them can be abated. Luckily, with the approach of winter, now almost upon us, their activity ceases.

Of the diseases which assail an army in the field, a few stand out so prominently that all others may practically be neglected. These are cholera, typhoid fever, dysentery, and pneumonia; and they have this in common, that they are all caused by specific bacilli. Thus cholera is the child, so to speak, of the dreaded *vibrio*, and pneumonia that of the pneumo-coccus; while typhoid and dysentery have each their own special microbe. Their modes of attack are, however, different, for the pneumo-coccus can enter the organism by the nose and mouth only; typhoid and dysentery through the alimentary canal; while the way in which cholera is propagated is at present unknown. All four, perhaps, have this in common, that while the microbes causing them are probably always present with us—that of cholera being a doubtful exception—they seem only to assault a subject previously weakened by exposure, bad feeding, or intemperance. It is on these facts that our chance of successfully repelling them mainly rests.

The first means of combating these enemies is, therefore, isolation. Directly a soldier is shown to be suffering from any of these diseases, he should be separated from his fellows, and removed to a place where his ejecta, sputa, and the like, can no longer form a centre of contamination. This may

seem a counsel of perfection to those who know the conditions prevalent in war time, but much might be done by careful preparation, and isolation hospitals at the base might well be organised by civilians who are but too apt to think that

time should be lost in making these preparations, and the service thus rendered to the just cause of the Allies might easily prove more valuable than many more sensational.

There remains the means of prevention, which is, proverbially, better than cure. First among these is inoculation, which, in the case of typhoid especially, has been abundantly proved to be effective. As has before been said in these columns, the experiments carried out by Professor Vincent, the Head of the Medical Service of the great Paris hospital of Val-de-Grâce, leaves no reasonable doubt possible on this point, and inoculation against typhoid is now compulsory in the French Army. Most of our own officers have already voluntarily submitted to it, and it is to be hoped that the rest of our soldiers will, before long, follow their example, and thus avert a great danger from their comrades. Then comes the careful avoidance by the soldier of any drinking water other than that boiled and filtered now supplied to him by the transport and supply service. Although this is a colossal campaign, even the light wines of the country in which we are fighting would in this respect be preferable to water from an unknown source, and, in the case of red wines in particular, might even be of benefit to cases of incipient dysentery. Nor is the question of clothing to be neglected. The soldier may be trusted to keep himself as warm as he can for comfort's sake; but a belt of flannel worn round the stomach next the skin is said to have proved its efficiency as a preventive of cholera and dysentery in Oriental countries, and might well form one of the useful presents to be sent to our troops from their friends at home.

In these matters the soldier can do much to help himself. There is still the psychological side of the case, in which he must depend a good deal on his officers. A light heart will often carry its owner unscathed through centres of infection which will prove fatal to the mentally depressed, and is one of the most valuable prophylactics known to science.

Hence the officer should do what he can to keep up the spirits of his men, should encourage them to sing, and should take care that they hear any good news which is going. By so doing he will be rendering another invaluable service to his country, even if he adds thereby to the cares on his already over-burdened shoulders. Fortunately, if there is any faith to be placed in reports, the natural temperament of Tommy Atkins in war will make his task in this respect a light one. — F. L.

A PURE WATER-SUPPLY FOR TROOPS IN THE FIELD:
BRITISH SOLDIERS FILLING WATER-FILTER CARTS FROM
A RUNNING STREAM.

The water is being pumped from the stream into the water-cart through lines of piping.—[Photograph by W. G. P.]

surgical cases are the only ones worth attention. If it be true, as announced in the daily Press, that the Austrians are already suffering from cholera, no

HOW SCIENCE HELPS TO PRESERVE THE HEALTH OF OUR TROOPS IN THE FIELD: A BRITISH WATER-FILTER CART
BEING FILLED FROM A RIVER.

The recent reports of cholera in Austria and Hungary emphasise the importance of a pure water-supply to troops on active service. Here the scientific filter cart is invaluable.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

A GERMAN ORGY STOPPED BY FRENCH SHELLS: "CHAMPENOISE BEER."

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTISTS



WHERE GERMAN OFFICERS LOOTED 6000 FRANCS' WORTH OF CHAMPAGNE: GERMAN SOLDIERS DANCING TO A PIANO-ORGAN AND DRINKING BEER OUTSIDE THE HÔTEL DE PARIS AT FÈRE CHAMPENOISE.

In a note headed "The famous beer of Champenoise," accompanying his sketch, from which the above drawing was made, Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "Before evacuating Champenoise some German troops looted the Hôtel de Paris. A shell had already wrecked the upper rooms of the house, and those below were practically wrecked by the Germans before they were shelled out of the town by the French. All the cutlery, glass, and linen had been requisitioned, and out of pure devilry the troops smashed the

looking-glasses and crockery, and ripped up the billiard-table cloth. They eventually lugged the piano-organ belonging to the hotel into the street, and danced to its music swilling what remained of the beer, for the Headquarter Staff, after occupying the place for several days, had taken away with them 6000 francs' worth of champagne." Champenoise or Fère Champenoise, is about 4½ miles south of Morains, where the French drove the Germans out of their trenches.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

THE LAST STAND OF THE GERMANS RETREATING TO

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOR FROM A SKETCH BY



FIGHTING BETWEEN THE MARNE AND THE AISNE AND ON THE ROAD TO RHEIMS: FRENCH AFTER FRENCH SHELLS HAD

Describing his sketch, from which the above drawing was made, Mr. Frederic Villiers writes: "Retreating to their present strong position on the Aisne, the Germans practically fought every inch of the ground that was at all defensible. At Morain, a village striding the main road to Rheims, they made a considerable stand. Trenches were cut on the right flank of the village, which the enemy struggled for cover. The French following up the retreat shelled the hamlet till it was a mass of flaming ruins, and then their infantry vigorously assailed the Germans in their trenches, eventually driving them out of their works in the direction of the open, fertile country on the east of the town of Verzy and in the direction

THE AISNE: A FRENCH VILLAGE SHELLED BY THE FRENCH.

FREDERIC VILLIERS, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL WAR ARTISTS.



INFANTRY DRIVING THE GERMANS FROM THEIR TRENCHES NEAR THE VILLAGE OF MORAINS, REDUCED IT TO FLAMING RUINS.

of Rheims." Morain is on the road running northward from Fère Champenoise to Verzy, Epervier, and Rheims. It is about six miles south of Verzy, sixteen miles south of Epervier, and about double that distance from Rheims. About nine miles west of Morain is the Chateau of Mandement, also on the line of the German retreat and the scene of a fierce encounter illustrated in our last number. In the foreground of the drawing are the French infantry advancing towards the German trenches on the right. In the background is the burning village of Morain, destroyed by French shells to prevent the Germans finding cover in the distance (Copyrighted in the United States and Canada).

KITCHENER AT WORK: THE FAMOUS FIELD-MARSHAL AT HIS DESK IN THE WAR OFFICE.



A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: LORD KITCHENER, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, RECEIVING THE FAMOUS SOLDIER, LORD ROBERTS, IN HIS ROOM AT THE WAR OFFICE

There must be an essential element of greatness in anyone the mere mention of whose name calls up a true idea. To say "Kitchener," is equivalent to saying "Thorough!" and the British Secretary of State for War commands that universal respect and inspires that universal confidence which none but "big men" achieve. Early and late at his post, he is watching and working unceasingly. "As a soldier I have no politics," he said in the House of Lords, and it showed the fine spirit of the old days, when "none were for the Party" and "all were for the State." That is the secret of the popularity of "K. of K." He is, above all, a soldier. His devotion to his present duties is as selfless as was, always, his courage in the field. His belief in the willingness of the State and the people to make the sacrifices inseparable from a great war finds its

counterpart in the implicit faith in himself which is felt by the people of the Empire. Our illustration shows the great soldier at his desk at the War Office, with a visitor as interesting and as finely patriotic as himself, "Roberts of Kandahar." Earl Roberts, who celebrated his eighty-second birthday on September 30, has spent his long life in splendid service to his country, first, for many years, in active military duties; latterly, when most men would have been content to rest, in endeavouring by word and by example to keep the nation alive to the imperative needs of the Army. The very spirit of Lord Roberts's whole career breathed in his words to the new Liverpool battalion of "Irish Comrades": "England stands at the crisis of her fate. She depends on her young men now, and I know they will not fail her in her need."—*D. A. C. Colverton in the Illustrated London News*

THE CAMERA AS WAR-CORRESPONDENT: GREAT-WAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRETT, G.P.U., AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS—FROM THE FRONT AND ELSEWHERE.



WITH HIS HELMET COVERED, THAT IT MAY NOT AFFORD A MARK FOR THE ENEMY: A FRENCH DRAGOON ON SCOUTING DUTY.



TO ASSIST IN UPHOLDING THE IZZAT OF THE BRITISH RAJ ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF EUROPE: SIKHS OF THE INDIAN ARMY IN FRANCE; WITH A FRENCH INTERPRETER.



WARRIORS WHO HAVE COME FROM INDIA TO FIGHT SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN EUROPE: SIKHS ON THE MARCH IN FRANCE.



USING FAN-LIKE "FLAGS": A BELGIAN SIGNALLER AT WORK AT GRIMBERGHEN, NEAR BRUSSELS.



IN ACTION AGAINST THE GERMANS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF BRUSSELS: BELGIAN INFANTRY USING A RUINED COTTAGE AS FORT.



MEN OF A "DISTANT ALIEN RACE" FIGHTING FOR THE INDIAN TROOPS



"MIGHTY MOTHER": A PART OF THE CAMP OF THE IN FRANCE.



THE FRENCH CLERGY AS FIGHTERS: A PRIEST, WEARING HIS STOLE OVER HIS UNIFORM AS AN INFANTRYMAN, CONDUCTING A BURIAL SERVICE.



FEATHERED PRISONERS OF WAR: BASKETS FULL OF PIGEONS INTERNED IN BRUSSELS MARKET BY ORDER OF THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES.



WITH PACK ANIMALS: MEN OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT, TAKING A REST



WHO ARE TO FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE BRITISH, IN FRANCE.



THE "IRON CROSS" OF THE NON-COMBATANT: GERMAN WOMEN AND MEN EXCHANGING THEIR GOLD WEDDING-RINGS FOR IRON RINGS TO HELP THE WAR FUNDS.

The helmets of French dragoons are of steel, and, under sunshine, glitter like looking-glasses, being visible for miles. The drab cloth-covering (shown in the first illustration) was adopted recently for war purposes. The rest of the dragoon-scouts' uniform is that worn in peace time. A species of khaki war-uniform was proposed for the French Army some time ago, but, amid the changes of War Ministers, owing to Ministerial defeats in the Chamber, the plans were pigeon-holed. In the matter of visibility our gallant Allies are facing the Germans at a disadvantage.—The King's Message to the Indian troops on their landing in France was in Hindustani, which itself, it is interesting to note, is none other than the "Urdu," or "Camp-Language" invented in the armies of the great Mogul emperors of India. "I bid you to go forward and add fresh lustre to the glorious

achievements and noble traditions of courage and chivalry of my Indian Army, whose honour and fame are in your hands," was King George's final *mot d'ordre*.—Conscription in France makes no exemption of men in Holy Orders. Some 20,000 French priests from all parts of the world have been called to the colours. Not only are their services utilised as our illustration shows, but they are said to exercise exceptional influence for good among the men in camp and quarters.—In Germany men as well as women wear wedding-rings, and both non-combatant men and women, who are necessarily non-combatant, are exchanging these articles of value for wedding-rings of iron, that war funds may be benefited: this in Berlin, more especially.

HOW THE NAVY ENABLES US TO LIVE: A CRUISER ON CONVOY DUTY.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON



AN INCIDENT OF THAT SEA-POWER WHICH STRANGLED GERMANY'S OVERSEA COMMERCE WHILE BRITISH TRADE RESUMED ITS NORMAL COURSE: A BRITISH CRUISER CONVOYING FIVE LARGE MERCHANTMEN.

"In the history of sea-power," writes Mr. Archibald Hurd in his admirable little book, "The Fleets at War," "there is nothing comparable with the strangulation of German oversea shipping in all the seas of the world. It followed almost instantly on the declaration of war. There were over 2000 German steamers, of nearly 5,000,000 tons gross, afloat when hostilities opened. . . . Some—scores of them, in fact—were captured, others ran for neutral ports, the sailings of others were cancelled, and the heart of the German mercantile navy suddenly stopped beating." Meantime, "British

trade on the seas began to resume its normal course owing to the growing confidence of ship-owners and shippers." Although a few German cruisers at large, such as the "Emden," have succeeded in sinking some British ships, the number of the latter is infinitesimal. Writing at the end of September, Mr. Hurd pointed out that "there are about 40,000 vessels on the registers of the British Empire, and so far we have lost seventeen, instead of 2000," the latter figure is based on an expert opinion that we should lose 5 out of every 100.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WAITING FOR THE GERMANS TO COME OUT: WITH THE GRAND FLEET.



KILLING TIME UNTIL THE GERMAN HIGH SEAS FLEET SHALL CHOOSE TO GIVE BATTLE: OFFICERS OF THE GRAND FLEET OF THE BRITISH NAVY PLAYING DECK-HOCKEY WHILE WAITING FOR THE ENEMY.

Busy as it is, the British Grand Fleet has, of course, to wait for the German High Seas Fleet to come out and give battle. There is, therefore, some, though little, time to kill on board his Majesty's ships, even while they are engaged on the trying duties that are now theirs. "Since the outbreak of the war," says the Naval officer who sent us this photograph. "we, that is the officers, have played deck-hockey every

evening before dinner when the weather has permitted and the ship has not been rolling too heavily. Thus, in spite of being continuously at sea, we manage to keep very fit. Instead of hockey sticks, walking-sticks are used, and for balls we have small flat pieces of wood." It is, of course, only on board the larger vessels that there is space for such exercise. In destroyers nothing of the sort is possible.

THE SIEGE-BATTLE OF THE AISNE: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRONT.



A FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE TO THE ALLIES: GERMAN WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS NEAR RHEIMS—WITH FRENCH SOLDIERS STANDING NEAR.



ON THE SCENE OF PART OF THE BATTLE WHICH HAS BEEN LIKENED TO A SIEGE: A GERMAN TRENCH NEAR RHEIMS.



OCCUPYING A DOMINATING POSITION AND SO THE OBJECTIVE OF MUCH GERMAN FIRE: IN THE WRECKED POMMERY AND GRENO PREMISES AT RHEIMS.



SPECIALLY SOUGHT OUT BY GERMAN SHRAPNEL: FRENCH REMOUNTS—SOME OF THE ONE HUNDRED HORSES KILLED.

The German entrenchments on the line of the Aisne, to the north of Rheims and elsewhere, were made very strong and elaborate. The approaches to them were protected by barbed-wire entanglements of such a character as to make surprise night-attacks practically impossible. The battle, in its earlier stages at any rate, has been

described as approximating closely to the conditions of a siege. As mentioned on the opposite page, the Germans directed much of their artillery fire at Rheims against the premises of the Pommery and Greno champagne company, whose buildings occupied an important strategical position.

THE SIEGE-BATTLE OF THE AISNE: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRONT.



GUARDING A LEVEL CROSSING PARALLEL WITH THE AISNE AND 800 YARDS FROM THE GERMAN TRENCHES: BRITISH SOLDIERS ON GUARD NEAR VENIZEL.



LOOKING OVER THE AISNE, THE SCENE OF THE GREATEST SIEGE-BATTLE OF ALL TIME, TOWARDS THE GERMAN POSITION: A VIEW FROM NEAR VENIZEL.



WITH HIS CRUTCHES BY HIS SIDE: A CRIPPLED BEGGAR WHO WAS FATALY WOUNDED BY A GERMAN SHELL AT RHEIMS.



THE OBJECTIVE OF THE GREATER PART OF THE GERMAN SHELL-FIRE PART OF THE POMMERY AND GRENO PREMISES WRECKED AT RHEIMS.

The Pommery and Greno premises at Rheims occupied a dominating position, and so were the objective of a great proportion of the German fire. One "Black Maria" shell went through the ground floor into one of the cellars, and smashed

thousands of bottles of champagne, causing a most extraordinary scene. The two photographs of the wrecked buildings, one on this page and one on that opposite, show the damage done by a single shell.

MODERN NAVAL WARFARE: IX.—WEAR-AND-TEAR TACTICS.

SUBMARINES AND MINES. BY A NAVAL EXPERT.

IN almost every study of modern naval warfare which appeared before hostilities began, the writer assumed that, unless the strength of the fleets was very disproportionate, both parties to the conflict would be equally anxious to fight a decisive battle. The underlying notion was that the primary purpose of naval forces in war being to defeat those of the enemy and force the remnants into port until they could be accounted for; therefore both parties would without delay attempt to carry this precept into

support in this country, where the idea of the British Empire being blown away like a ball of thistle-down in a few weeks by a single onslaught of torpedo craft was regarded as most improbable. Similarly, at all events by naval effort alone, it was regarded as equally unlikely that the German Empire could be made to come to terms immediately.

In Germany, where the fleet is regarded as a weapon to be used more from a military than a naval point of view, several publicists recognised that circumstances might render it inexpedient to use the main body of the naval forces at once. There were, indeed, advocates of a "splendid hussar-like stroke," but these persons reckoned on catching this country at a disadvantage, which, as things have turned out, proved illusory. They were not, however, without an alternative, and what this was to be is explained by Bernhardt. It was what has been called a war of wear-and-tear. While the German battle-ships remained behind the protection of their fortresses, aircraft, submarines, and destroyers were to act as a constant and harassing menace to the British Fleet. The outcome of this war would, it was said, be effective both to bring about an actual reduction in fighting strength and to undermine the endurance and moral of the officers and men. When the material strength of the British Fleet had been diminished sufficiently, and the nerve of the crews of the ships broken down, then a blow would be struck with all the forces Germany could command on the seas.

The plan thus foreshadowed was manifestly based on the assumed efficacy and power of the new material of war. It was to be waged with aircraft and submarines by day, destroyers by night, and mines all the time. For the submarine, it was claimed that it was invisible, invincible, and invulnerable. There have not been wanting writers in this country who persuaded themselves that these appliances of modern naval warfare were going to exert a decisive influence in certain theatres of war. The North Sea and similar narrow waters, it was said, would be practically closed on the outbreak of war, and possibly throughout the war. Great ships would be useless in them. Nothing that this country could achieve by naval means would prevent the German submarines from putting to sea and attacking our ships off our own coasts. Two months of sea warfare,

however, have not altogether demonstrated that the war of wear-and-tear will have the effect anticipated from it, nor that the novel engines of destruction, from which so much was expected, have justified the claims made for them in peace time.

In spite of the numbers of mines which the Germans have scattered in the North Sea, our Fleet has used its waters almost as if this "murderous menace" did not exist. It is the British destroyers and not the German which have dominated the North Sea, and whenever the two have met the former have shown themselves quite capable of dealing with the threat of the latter. As to flying craft, neither air-ship nor aeroplane has so far played any conspicuous part in sea warfare. There remains the submarine, which has not proved to be invisible, invincible, or invulnerable. It has been seen and sunk without striking back. When the *Birmingham* hit and afterwards rammed the *U 15*, all the comrades of that ill-fated vessel took to flight. How many more have been sent to the bottom remains an official secret, but if the evidence of letters from those afloat is worth anything, the *U 15* is not the only one whose career has been ended in this way. Yet it must be said that the submarine has had its successes. The sinking of the *Hela*, a German cruiser, by the British submarine *E 9* on Sept. 13, only six miles south of Heligoland, has shown that even the German ports cannot always protect her vessels from the attack of under-water craft. Similarly, the sinking of the *Pathfinder* twenty miles off the Scottish coast on Sept. 5, and the destruction of the three cruisers of

the *Cressy* class twenty miles off the coast of Holland on Sept. 22, show how deadly this form of attack may be in circumstances favourable to its use.

The sinking of the British cruisers on Sept. 22 is now generally admitted to have been the work of one boat. Her captain is an enterprising and experienced officer, well known in this country, and he deserves all the praise that his comrades and the German Emperor can give him for his brilliant achievement. From the British point of view, however, it must be enforced that his opportunity was made for him, and that had it not been for the error in judgment of those in command it is exceedingly unlikely that he could have attained so complete a success. There are two replies to the tactics of the submarine. Even when the under-water vessel has got into a position near by which she may expect her quarry to pass, if the vessel watched for is proceeding at speed the chances of the submarine hitting are considerably reduced. In the cases of the *Hela*, the *Pathfinder*, and the *Aboukir*, the same thing occurred. These vessels were not steaming at anything like the speed of which they were capable when the submarines surprised them. That they were unaware of the proximity of the latter is a circumstance which inculcates the need for additional watchfulness for the periscopes of the submerged assailant. As well as speed, frequent alteration of course is an equally valuable resource in case of submarine attack. The consorts of the *Aboukir* would most probably have escaped had not their commanders, acting under an impulse of humanity, stopped their vessels in order to save life. They thus presented



SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE GYROSCOPE: THE TRACK OF A TORPEDO FIRED FROM A WAR-SHIP.

The white track of the torpedo, which moves a few feet under the surface, is caused by the escape of the compressed air that forms the motive power. The photograph shows how the gyroscope in the torpedo has corrected its first tendency to deviate from the straight course under the influence of currents or waves.

execution. If, it was said, the forces of one party are more numerous, and apparently more powerful, that party will certainly endeavour to force the fighting, and its plans will be laid accordingly. If, on the other hand, one of the parties should feel that it is at a disadvantage in regard to numbers—and particularly if this is the case with the larger and more powerful vessels—then this party will hope by surprise to lessen the difference, but in any case will at once assume the offensive with all the force at its disposal.

There is not in the history of naval warfare between two or more first-class Sea Powers any substantial support for this theory. It has almost always been the case that one Power—and that, as a rule, Great Britain—has at once instituted on the outbreak of war a blockade of the enemy's fleet in its ports. Such a blockade might be "close" or of a blocking character, or it might be "open," such as were those of Nelson. The necessity also, often forced upon the enemy by these tactics, of effecting a juncture between two portions of his fleet before he could attain the superiority which he deemed necessary to make the battle decisive, operated to prolong the naval struggle. The modern idea that both parties would want to force a battle without delay has grown out of the later conflicts of the nineteenth century, mainly between Powers whose sea forces were fairly equal in numbers, although not in other respects. It came about that, because these examples of sea warfare were decided quickly, it was assumed that all naval conflicts would be "short, sharp, and decisive," a phrase very much used by those who pinned their faith to the newer weapons and appliances.

This view, however, did not obtain universal acceptance among naval men. It gained little



SHOWING THE TRACK OF THE TORPEDO: A SUBMARINE COMING TO THE SURFACE AFTER DISCHARGING A TORPEDO AT A WAR-SHIP UNDER WAY.

Since the sinking of three British cruisers by a German submarine, the question of the defence of war-ships at sea against under-water craft has become one of especially great importance.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

targets which it was almost impossible for the submarines to miss.

In face of strong fixed defences, a fleet is powerless to force upon its opponent in such shelter a decisive battle. It only remains to block it in by mining on a large scale, which may also be an obstruction to the egress of submarines, or, in Mr. Churchill's phrase, an attempt may be made to "dig them out." But how, without the aid of land forces, this is to be accomplished has not yet been explained. Certainly to essay anything of the kind with ships alone is a risky game not worth the candle.

THE HEART OF THE BRITISH OPERATIONS AT THE AISNE: SOISSONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



ALTERNATELY DESTROYED BY THE GERMANS AND REPAIRED BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS: ONE OF THE AISNE BRIDGES AT SOISSONS.



WITH ONE OF ITS BEAUTIFUL SPIRES SHATTERED BY A GERMAN SHELL: THE ABBEY OF ST. JEAN DES VIGNES AT SOISSONS.



ANOTHER BRIDGE OVER THE AISNE AT SOISSONS WRECKED: THE HAVOC CAUSED BY GERMAN ARTILLERY.



WITH A TEMPORARY GANGWAY CONSTRUCTED BY THE FRENCH. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME BRIDGE AS IN NO. 3.

As mentioned under our panoramas of the section of the battlefield of the Aisne near Soissons, given on a double-page in this issue, that town itself was much damaged by German shell-fire. In the words of one correspondent (of the "Telegraph"): "At Soissons we have the impression of watching a superhuman crime the assassination of a city." Afterwards Soissons was a scene of utter devastation. Many houses were demolished, a side-chapel of the cathedral was wrecked, and one of the two spires of the beautiful church of St. Jean des Vignes was carried away, while the other was

damaged by shrapnel. The bridges over the Aisne were blown up by the Germans after they crossed the river. That shown in the first photograph was temporarily repaired many times by the British engineers, and as often destroyed by the German guns. The French troops had a similar experience at the bridge seen in Photographs 3 and 4. Describing the crossing of the Aisne at Soissons, the Press Bureau stated: "Of eight road bridges and two railway bridges crossing the Aisne within our section of front, seven of the former and both of the latter had been demolished. . . ."

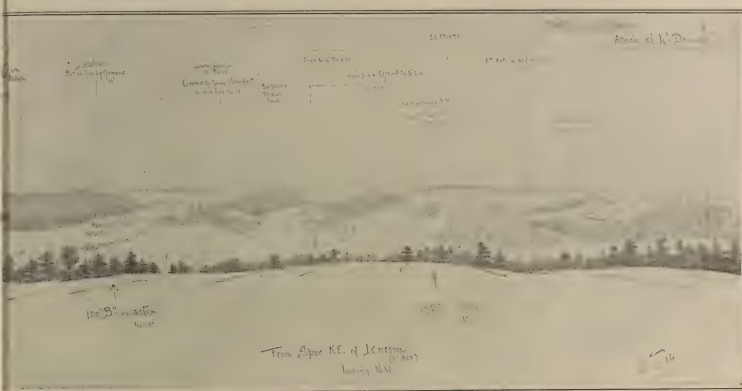
THE GREAT SIEGE-BATTLE OF THE AISNE: PANORAMAS OF THE BRITISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN POSITIONS.

Drawings by a British Officer; Photograph Issued by John Swain and Son, Ltd., under Authority of

THE OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU; MAP, FROM A FRENCH GOVERNMENT PUBLICATION ISSUED BY MESSRS. HACHETTE.



IN THE REGION WHERE TWO HIGHLAND REGIMENTS ARE SAID TO HAVE STORMED THE GERMAN TRENCHES: THE POSITION OF THE OPPOSING FORCES



ON SEPTEMBER 15 IN THE SECTION OF THE BATTLE OF THE AISNE FROM SOISSONS (ON THE WEST) TO LE MONCET—A DRAWING BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

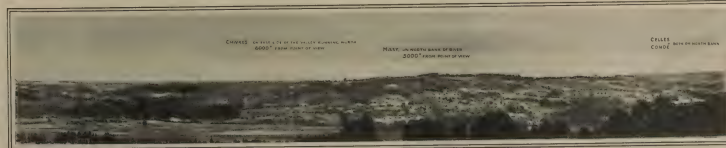


DRAWN BY A BRITISH OFFICER PRESENT: THE POSITION ON SEPTEMBER 21 SOME FIVE MILES FROM SOISSONS AND JUST EAST OF THE DISTRICT SHOWN IN THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION.

The French official news of October 5 stated that the German trenches at Soissons had been carried after one of the fiercest trench encounters in the whole history of war. It was reported that this success was largely due to the efforts of the British troops, and particularly of two famous Highland regiments. It will be recalled that it was at Soissons that the British crossed the Aisne, on September 13, after overcoming a stubborn defence by the Germans, who at first held both sides of the river there, and had artillery posted on heights above the town. The upper panorama here given represents the position on the Aisne near Soissons on September 15. In the Press Bureau's report of the fighting in that district issued on the 15th it was stated: "Working from west to east our Third Army Corps gained some high ground south of the Aisne overlooking the Aisne valley east of Soissons.



FROM A FRENCH GOVERNMENT MAP: A SECTION OF THE AISNE VALLEY FROM SOISSONS EASTWARD, INCLUDING THE DISTRICTS COVERED BY OUR PANORAMAS.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A BRITISH OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE COUNTRY SHOWN IN THE LEFT-HAND DRAWING, SOME FIVE OR SIX MILES EAST OF SOISSONS.

Here a long-range artillery duel between our guns and those of the French on our left and the enemy's artillery on the hills continued during the greater part of the day (the 12th) and did not cease until nearly midnight. The enemy had a very large number of heavy howitzers in well-concealed positions. The movement of this Army Corps was effected in co-operation with that of the French Sixth Army on our left. The town of Soissons itself suffered severely from the German bombardment. It will be noted that on the left of the upper panorama a church there is shown with one tower destroyed. This was the Abbey of St. Jean des Vignes, of the damage to which a photograph appears on another page of this issue.—(Continued. Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

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LITERATURE.

"Sea, Land, and Air Strategy."

There can hardly be a more timely and useful book before the public at the present moment than Sir George Aston's "Sea, Land, and Air Strategy," just published by Mr. John Murray. The author, it need hardly be said—at any rate, for those who two years ago read his masterly first work, "Letters on Amphibious Wars"—ranks in the forefront of modern authorities on the art of warfare. A Colonel in the Royal Marine Artillery who has served afloat with the Navy and been actively employed on land with the Army, a former lecturer at Greenwich Naval College and at the Army Staff College at Camberley, a member also of the War Staff at the Admiralty—with such credentials, Sir George Aston may certainly claim to be accepted as a safe guide to follow. In addition, Colonel Aston is a master of lucid explanation, and few will read his chapters without in the result having their minds cleared of most of the confusions and misunderstandings which are still so widely prevalent even among the better informed of us. Every chapter of the book, indeed, is of present-hour interest and to the point. In particular, attention may with advantage be drawn to those dealing with the capabilities of the larger air-craft at sea and in the field, and the bomb-dropping Zeppelin menace to England and in the North Sea. Of immediate interest also are those on "Lines of Communication" and on "The Invasion of Islands," the last chapter of the book. The former chapter should make many things clear with regard to Sir John French's Expeditionary Army on the Continent. In the invasion chapter, the question is approached especially from the enemy's point of view. Sir George Aston proves conclusively that until the main British Fleet is absolutely conquered and driven into port, any attempt at invasion can only mean the death or capture of every man of the enemy who may set foot on our shores. It may be said of the book finally that if the gallant author could by some supernatural power have foreseen the present struggle, he could not have written anything more appropriate and enlightening in regard to what is now actually taking place.

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Dr. George Brandes has been called, not without reason, "the discoverer of Friedrich Nietzsche," although he might possibly dissent from the title, which is not much beloved of the truly learned, and is favoured, for the most part, only by charlatans. However that may be, it is certain that Dr. Brandes did much to make Nietzsche known to Europe and to the world, and now he lays us under a further debt by appearing as the philosopher's interpreter and as the faithful and intimate delineator of his surprising character. In "Friedrich Nietzsche" (Heinemann) Dr. Brandes has analysed the Nietzschean

teaching as no other scholar could have done, and he has shown us also the man, who is presented with intimate and sympathetic knowledge. Dr. Brandes' illuminative power seizes on what, through its spasmodic expression, is often obscure and puzzling to the general mind, and he may, in this book, be said to reduce Nietzsche to order and intelligibility for the less well-trained reader. He shows "the essential and invaluable element of all morality" to be, in Nietzsche's view, "a prolonged constraint. . . . As language gains in strength and freedom by the constraint of verse, and as all the freedom and delicacy to be found in plastic art, music, and dancing is the result of arbitrary laws, so also does human nature only attain its development under constraint. No violence is thereby done to Nature; this is the very nature of things." Such a passage will possibly surprise those loosely informed persons who regard Nietzsche as the arch-anarch, and the exposition may be rather instructively compared with Swinburne's wonderful deliverance on the necessity of form in poetry. Everywhere Dr. Brandes is pregnant and fascinating. He strikes out fine and memorable things continually. "Life appears to Zarathustra as a woman; she strikes her castanets and he dances with her, flinging out all his wrath with life and his love of life." Excellent as the interpretation is, the best part of the book is the correspondence between Nietzsche and Brandes, with its revelation of the philosopher's most human side, its tragic foreshadowing of his fate. On the madness of Nietzsche and its onset Dr. Brandes writes with a tender frankness, a complete knowledge that will clear away much harsh and ignorant misconception. This small, but great, book is a land-mark in the history of philosophy and of literature. As man of letters, Nietzsche is here said to have attained supreme mastery of German style, surely a sufficient feat to have performed for a language where style is often so sadly to seek.

NEW NOVELS.

"Concerning a Vow."

Miss Rhoda Broughton has written a great many novels, and her vivacity remains as fresh to-day as when first she stepped into line among the favourites. Her people are always alive, and her manipulation of the most mechanical plot never fails in conviction—or in deception, if you will. Take the new book, "Concerning a Vow" (Stanley Paul). It bristles with improbabilities. The vow is melodramatic. The lovers are bombastic. The vindictive Honora is overdone. And in spite of it all, we can lay our hand on our heart and say that while we were following Miss Broughton's artful finger up and down its pages it was impossible not to feel that all these artificial things were entirely natural, and part and parcel of our own world. There is the secret. Nobody stands outside

and looks on at a self-respecting Victorian's work—and Miss Broughton is a whole-hearted Victorian, for all her references to the Futurists, and her indication of Honora's black drawing-room carpet and grey walls. Great is the spirit, great the vitality of "Concerning a Vow." Really, the story is immaterial; but the clever lady insists that we shall be interested in it, and interested we are, accordingly. The group of characters intrigues us. How is Sally Champneys to keep the vow made to her dying sister, when she is plainly in love with the man she has promised never to marry? The answer has to be pursued, simply because Sally possesses the personality with which Miss Broughton has invested her. It all means that anybody with strict ideas on the folly of novel-reading had better not open "Concerning a Vow." He will not be able to put it down again, and he will be found a couple of hours later reflecting on the diversion that a frivolous entertainment can provide for human beings.

"The Cap of Youth."

The young woman on the wrapper of "The Cap of Youth" (Hutchinson) is rather too good to be true, assuming that the way her hair is done allures instead of irritates. It is as likely to do one as the other. She is not Mme. Albanesi's Virginia, to our mind; but if she induces people to make Virginia's acquaintance she will have served a commendable purpose. Virginia is a dear, and the opening chapter, disclosing her as a runaway from boarding-school, is most engaging. It is rather curious to note that the scheming elderly women in this book are professional charmers, because, as they are impressed upon the reader, their charms are imperceptible, while their schemes are to be perceived immediately. Indeed, their associates—with the exception of innocent Virginia—seem to have little difficulty in rating them at their proper value. We do not count Brian Chiltern, who behaves throughout with a lack of judgment that augurs ill for his future prosperity—but that would be another story. . . . Brian met the runaway, and they had a harmless joy-ride together in his car, and gave Virginia's disagreeable aunt an excuse for turning her out of the house. Then Brian married her, and though he was in love and she was in love, and there was no substantial reason why they should not have been happy together (except, of course, that Mme. Albanesi was employed in making a very pretty tale about it all), he left her to be thoroughly miserable with his disagreeable mother. He deserved worse things even than the misunderstandings that were his portion until Virginia threw her pretty self into his arms, and they eloped together for a honeymoon too long delayed. The people in this book are mostly geese; but the nice geese are so delightful, and the nasty ones so entertaining, that their lack of intellectual equipment is no great matter.

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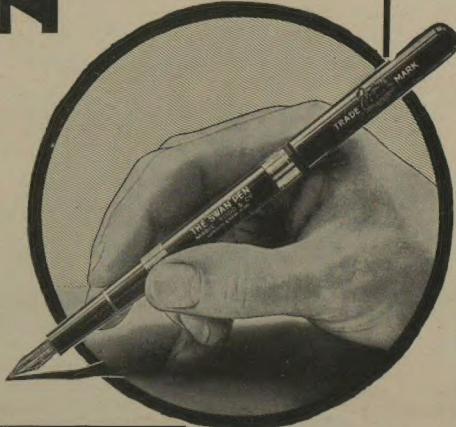
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HOW THE GERMAN ARMY FIGHTS.

BY CAPTAIN CLARENCE WEINER.

I THINK it might be interesting to your readers to describe, in a brief manner, how our friend the enemy organises and fights with each of the four arms.

INFANTRY.

We will first speak of the "Queen of the Army," the infantry arm. In a foregoing article I endeavoured to show how the training of line troops throttles all initiative in the German soldier. He knows nothing whatever of supporting fire tactics in an advance or an assault—that is, he is not taught to cover advancing batches of his comrades by magazine fire while lying down, and, in turn, to advance by quick "successive rushes" of sixty to eighty yards, as is taught in France, England, and America (a). Also, he is not taught thoroughly the lesson of entrenching himself on the battlefield, although his trench-work at the Aisne has shown him in a much better light than was anticipated. The British, as soon as they have taken up a position and are relieved of immediate firing duty, at once start to dig themselves a shelter. Failing this, they seek to screen themselves from the hostile fire by a proper protective use of walls, bushes, trees, buildings, etc., that exist in their zone of operation. So well are they trained in this that it in no way affects their *moral* when called upon to advance to another position or to make an assault. In consequence of his indifferent training, the German loses far more men; and often, on account of these losses, finds himself near the attacked line with totally insufficient support. In fact, German infantry adopt more or less the same tactics as prescribed by Napoleon only after long years of perpetual war had drained his armies of their best officers and men, and lowered their offensive *moral*—that is, he sought to regain its striking force by forming heavy columns of attack, of divisions in mass, of regimental close columns, as at Leipzig (May 22, 1809), or of an entire army corps

formed in squares, as at Wagram (July 6, 1809). The great Emperor certainly won at Wagram, but at what sacrifice of life! But the Germans, fortunately for ourselves, are not led by a Napoleon—that is the difference! This defective close formation was observed by Wellington, and exposed in a masterly manner in the Peninsula—at Albuera, at Busaco, and elsewhere, when the "thin red line" drove the hostile French before them both by fire action, and, later, with naked steel. The Russians at Alma (b) and Inkerman in vain attempted to oppose the British line with quarter-column formation. Indeed, it seems as if the Germans have quite forgotten the lessons of St. Privat (c): "Those whom the gods wish to destroy," etc.

In fact, the German infantry has been in massed formation from the inception of hostilities at Liège until the present moment. It reminds one of the close-formation advance of the 6th Siberian Army Corps at the attack of Lungwang-Chiao, Oct. 12, 1904, when they attacked "in broad daylight, over a perfectly open plain, drawn up in two lines, with the men shoulder to shoulder." The consequence of this was that, advancing to within 700 yards of the Japanese, they were mown down like wheat beneath a threshing machine.

The best thing the German infantry has so far done is in the use of their machine-guns in the firing-line. According to the new Regulations, each German regiment is now supplied with six automatics. That is certainly a step in the right direction. I believe, however, that this figure should be trebled, and that each battalion should have a battery of at least six of these death-dealing weapons. They certainly make up for at least two men apiece; when properly concealed in sections of two, they present a very small target, and are, perhaps, the greatest engines of destruction on the modern battlefield. I will speak later of their further uses.

(b) The Russians in three hours lost nearly four thousand men, or about one-fifth of their entire fighting force; the British less than half this amount; and the main point is, the British won!

(c) Here the Guards Division lost over eight thousand. The dead could be seen the next day "lying in whole ranks in a half-circle around the wall of St. Privat."

(a) The attacking force must use fire action to keep the enemies' heads down, and to demoralise him in order to be able to push on to close quarters. (Infantry Training, Section 122 (3).)

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CAVALRY.

The German military authorities mount their cavalry on exceedingly robust horses. Nothing more startling, and, one may add, more theatrical, is seen at any Grand Manœuvres on the Continent than their more or less impossible charges of several miles over the flat by divisions. But imposing as such spectacles are, they are certainly not war. The German trooper not only carries accoutrements far too clumsy and too weighty, but is invariably armed with a sort of gas-pipe, or hollow steel, lance, which seems to be always getting in his way and which causes him unending vexation, both mounted and dismounted. Leaving aside the question of horsemanship and horse-mastery, in which his three years mounted service only render him tolerably proficient, he suffers under the same grave defect as the infantry. That is to say, he is woefully lacking in initiative: and that, for the proper use of his arm, is of all things the greatest handicap in the field. As everyone knows, cavalry are the eyes of the army, and their proper duties in obtaining security and information are lowered to an absurd degree by this deficiency. In all small reconnaissance duties, and especially in scouting and patrol work, their services are most incomplete.

In the present war the Uhlans are knocking up their horses altogether out of proportion to the proper execution of their duties; also, it must always be remembered that a horse is a very delicate animal, and, once out of condition, he requires a long time to recuperate, and this is impossible in war. Also, and this is an important point, the *moral* of these improperly trained men, acting in dispersed sections, not only in the theatre of operations but in the entire theatre of war in Belgium and Northern France, does much in relaxing the proper discipline without which they are worse than useless to their commanders. Detached bodies of Uhlans—the cavalry of whom we have heard most up to the present—have been unleashed over the entire country, and the looting and burning of buildings and other unnecessary acts, and the guzzling of intoxicants that is going on not only prevents their combined action and mitigates their efficiency as cavalrymen, but the distances covered by their promiscuous and ravaging wandering tend greatly to impair the physical condition of their mounts.—[To be continued.]

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